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VOL. VII. HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1894. NO. 11.

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THE USE OF DUST.

To It We Owe the Blue Sky and Many Other Things.

How the Minute Particles Help to Make Our World a Pleasant One—They Cause the Fog, the Rain and Snow.

Without dust there would be no blue firmament; the heaven would be blacker than we see it on moonless nights. On this black background the glowing sun would shine out sharply, and the same sharp contrast of intense light and deep shadow would characterize the surface of the earth. There would be nothing to subdue this sharp contrast, but the moon and stars, which would remain visible by day. The illumination of the earth would be similar to that which we observe when looking at the moon through a telescope; for the moon has no atmospheric envelope, and, consequently, no dust in suspension.

It is due entirely to the dust that we enjoy our soft, uniformly diffused daylight, for which our eyes are especially adapted, and it is the dust which contributes so much to the beauty of the landscape. But, while the foregoing explains how the dust makes the whole vault of heaven light, it does not explain why it is chiefly the blue rays of the white sunlight that are reflected and only to a small extent the green, yellow and red rays.

This is dependent on the size of the dust particles. It is only the finest of them that are borne by the air currents into every stratum of air, and it is only these fine, widely-diffused dust particles that are of any significance in this connection.

Now let us consider the mechanism of light and the extreme shortness of the ether waves which constitute its essence. Those waves, although all microscopically small, vary considerably in length. The fine atmospheric dust includes many particles large enough to reflect the short, blue ether waves, fewer particles capable of reflecting green and yellow, and still fewer large enough to influence the long, red ethereal waves. The red light, consequently, passes through the great majority of the dust-particles comparatively unhindered. The blue rays, on the contrary, are intercepted and diffused, and so become visible. This is the reason that the finest dust—and so, too, the firmament—appears blue.

So, then, the finest dust appears blue. You may observe that the wreath that curls upward from the burning end of a cigar is blue, while the smoke drawn through and exhaled is whitish. The particles, in the latter case, have united and become large enough to reflect white light. So, too, in the country, on a clear day, the sky is blue, but in the city it appears whitish, because of the great number of coarse dust particles in the air. It is especially on mountain heights that the sky is so intensely blue, because the rarified atmosphere supports only the finest dust particles.

At great height the sky would be almost black if there were no dust particles in suspension. We see it grow pale as we turn our eyes to the lower strata of air towards the horizon. But why is the sky in Italy and in the tropics so much deeper blue than with us? Is the dust finer there? As a fact, it really is. Not that finer dust rises there, but in our climate the dust particles are soon saturated with water vapor, which makes them coarser. In warmer regions, however, the vapor retains its watery character, and does not condense on the floating dust. It is not until the aerial currents have borne it to higher and colder regions that it is condensed to clouds.

Without dust we would have no fog, no clouds, no rain, no snow, no brilliant-hued sunsets, no cerulean sky. The surface of the earth itself, the trees, the houses, along with man and beast, would be the only objects on which the vapor could condense, and these would begin to drip whenever the air was cooled sufficiently. In winter everything would be covered with a crust of ice. Our clothes would become saturated with water condensing upon them. Umbrellas would be of no avail. The vapor-laden atmosphere, moreover, would penetrate to our rooms and condense upon the walls and furniture.

In short, the world we live in would be quite another world if there were no dust. Since scientists began to realize the important part played by dust in the economy of nature measures have been taken to count the particles in a given space. In London and in Paris, at the surface, a cubic centimeter has been found to contain nearly a quarter of a million particles; on the top of the Eiffel tower there are about half as many, while in the high Alps there are only about two hundred particles to the centimeter. A great deal of the dust at high altitudes is cosmic dust, consisting, like the meteorites, of carbon and iron.—Leipsic Paper.

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Mark Twain on Himself.

I once heard Mark Twain tell a very good story. It was, like so many of his best stories, told at his own expense. I don't know if it has appeared in print. "It gave him real pleasure," he said, "to hear that his works were almost the only thing which Mr. Darwin read during the the last year of his life, till he heard that Mr. Darwin suffered from a kind of mental atrophy and was forbidden to read anything but absolute drivel."—Pall Mall Budget.

PASTEURIZED MILK.

High Temperature Produces Unfavorable Changes in Milk.

It is easy enough, by prolonged and repeated applications of a high temperature, to keep milk apparently unchanged, but the point aimed at all along has been to devise a way by which it might be made sterile with the least possible interference with its nutritive qualities. Investigation has demonstrated that milk subjected to lengthy boiling under pressure is in many ways unsuited to the digestion of an infant. Chemical analyses have proved what experience has shown to be the case—namely, that milk sterilized by the higher and prolonged temperature is not fit for administration to an infant. Dr. Henry Chapin, of New York, has been making a study of infant feeding and of children in the post-graduate hospital of that city, to which he is attached, and he says, in an article recently published in the New York Medical Journal, that partial sterilization or Pasteurization, to the point of killing the germs only, is necessary and desirable, as a high and continuous temperature produces unfavorable changes in the milk; the fat collects in masses, the albuminoids are changed, the casein is altered, and the digestive action on the casein of sterilized milk is incomplete. Simply sufficient heat must be applied to the milk to keep it sweet until the next supply can be procured. Herein lay one of the most frequent sources of trouble in the earlier days of sterilization, caused by lack of exact knowledge in this direction; and in addition to this, when sterilized milk was first introduced, many mothers reasoned that, being sterile, it was a perfect food, and consequently used it without any further preparation, with the natural result of indigestion and all its resultant ailments.—Popular Science Monthly.

IT WAS THEIR DOG.

Mamie and Gertie Owned It, But Could Not Agree Upon Its Color.

"Keep still, Mamie. Iago is brown and white with a dark tip on his nose," said the elder sister the other day to the man who gives canines a license to live in Minneapolis, says the Minneapolis Tribune.

"What's the color of the dog?" inquired the man without removing his eyes from his pad of blanks.

"Why Gertie, you must be crazy. Ingo is black and buff. I should think you would know the color of the dog Charlie gave you."

"What's the color of the dog?" repeated the licenser with a perceptible hardiness of voice.

"Well, Mamie, if you know all about Ingo perhaps you had better tell it. We'll never get a license if you keep interrupting the man. Iago's brown and white and he is just as handsome as he can be."

"He's no more brown and white than I am, but if you want to have him described that way, why, of course, he's your dog. You must be color blind."

"What's the color of the dog?" said the man with his teeth clenched.

"Well, put him down brown and white when a little dog—that's when he was given to me—but he's kind of dark now."

"That's right, tell the truth. No use in being sentimental over a dog," said the sister as the martyr wrote across the certificate:

"Ingo, a dog of questionable color. For particulars regarding the same see Mamie and Gertie, who are not pressed for time."

THE ORIGINAL MARTINET.

A General Whose Name Is a Synonym for Strictness.

Lord Wolseley, in a dissertation on the discipline of the French army in the reign of Louis XIV., mentions that the instruction of the infantry was intrusted to a Gen. Martinet, "whose name is still a synonym for unrelenting strictness in the punctual performance of all duties, no matter how small and apparently unimportant." The noble and gallant biographer of the hero of Blenheim likewise states that it was Gen. Martinet who replaced the pike with the bayonet. In the second Dutch war he introduced the use of copper pontoons. Pierre Larousse, on the other hand, says that Martinet, notwithstanding his talents and the important services which he rendered to his country, never rose beyond the rank of a colonel of infantry. Lord Wolseley has omitted to record another notable invention of General or Col. Martinet. He introduced into the French army the celebrated cat with twelve tails of cords or leather, which still bears his name in France and is used to beat clothes and sometimes children with. As to our military cat o' nine tails, its origin is a mystery. The old correctional whip of justice had only three lashes and the importation of a cat with nine is sometimes ascribed to William III., who brought over with him to England in 1688 several regiments of Dutch guards, in whose ranks the strictest discipline was maintained.—London Sunday Times.

CAMELS IN ARIZONA.

History of a Herd That Is Running Wild in the West.

Imported to Do a Carrying Trade Over the Great Waterless Wastes of Nevada—Too Slow for Energetic Americans.

The camels now running wild in Arizona are the descendants of a small herd originally imported for use in the state of Nevada. In the early days of mining on the Comstock, long before there were any railroads in the Great Basin region, it was thought that camels might be profitably used about the mines, particularly in packing across the surrounding deserts, and "twelve ships of the desert" were accordingly purchased and brought to Virginia City. They were wanted for use in packing salt from the Salt Springs salt marsh to the Comstock reduction works. This salt deposit lies far out in a desert region, and to reach it many waterless stretches of sand and alkali had to be traversed.

The camels were able to cross all the deserts in perfect comfort, carrying heavy loads of salt and finding means of subsistence in the prickly and bitter plants and shrubs everywhere to be found in abundance. In short, the animals did as good work here in our desert as they are able to do in any country in the world, but they were too slow. The camel may be fast enough for an Arab, but he is too slow for an American.

When the occupation of the camels as packers of salt was gone they were sold to some Mexicans, who used them for a time in packing wood down out of the mountains. The Mexicans took them up rocky trails into the rugged hills and used them the same as they used a mule—unmercifully. They soon killed three of the wretched beasts, and would have killed the remainder had not a Frenchman, who owned a big ranch on the Carson river, below Dayton, taken pity on the poor, abused creatures and bought the whole of them. This Frenchman had been in Algeria with the French colony, where he had developed an affection for the camel—probably owed the animal a debt of gratitude for having saved his life on some occasion. He had no use for the beasts, therefore he turned them out to roam the desert plains at will.

The animals, left to shift for themselves, soon waxed fat and increased and multiplied. In a few years, from nine the herd had increased to thirty-six, old and young. The Frenchman then sold the whole lot to be taken down to Arizona, to be used in packing ore down off a big mountain range. It was said there was a good, smooth trail, but the animals found all the rocks, and soon became footsore and useless, when all were turned adrift to shift for themselves. They have regained the instincts of the original wild state of their species and are very wary and swift. They fly into waterless wastes, impenetrable to man, when approached. Some of the old animals, however, occasionally appear in the vicinity of the settlements. Of late it is reported that cattlemen have been shooting them for some reason, perhaps because they frighten and stampede their horses.—N. Y. Ledger.

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have resulted in misery the world over. People who are well disposed and not bound by self-interest, are willing to accord credit wherever merited and due. Civilization is gradually bringing the human race up to this elevation, and in exact proportion is Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure coming to be recognized as the correct and standard remedy in all kidney, female, and blood diseases—being able to cure them readily. It is specific in all skin eruptions, erysipelas, scrofula, dyspepsia, headaches, dullness, listlessness, constipation, etc. Sold by dealers on guaranty for many years. Therefore don't cost much to try it. Take home a bottle to-day.

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THE EVICTION.

BY GRACE GOODRIDGE.

She was an old woman and the blow had fallen heavily. "I can't seem to sense it, Mandy. What does he mean?"

"He means we've got to get out." Mandy spoke roughly to cover her feelings, and then turned away, for the tears would come into her eyes.

"Does he say so?" asked the high, trembling voice. "His letter says so," answered Mandy, abruptly.

"It must be a mistake. He couldn't 'a meant it. He never would 'a turned his own mother's sister out of her home, Maddy. Why, all you children were born here, and your father died here. I don't think it means that, Mandy." She looked eagerly into her daughter's face.

"Well, maybe not," said the girl, but she left the room hurriedly. It was so hard to make her mother realize that John was selfish and unprincipled. She had begged her long ago not to trust him with the mortgage, but could not convince her, and now the very thing she had feared, had happened. Poor Mandy clinched her hands.

"It oughtn't to be allowed," she said. "Such brutes ought to be strangled." When she came back into the room her mother looked up with a pitiful, haunted expression. The letter was in her hand.

"I guess she's sensed it now," thought Mandy, as the cold, calculating words she had tried to soften when she read them to her mother, flashed across her mind.

"He don't give us much time, Mandy," said the old woman. Her voice seemed higher and her face was drawn and pinched. "He says the things go with the house so we ought to get out by Wednesday. Do you think he means that, Mandy?"

"I think he's a brute," was all Mandy said.

"Oh, no, not that. I'm sure he didn't mean it that way, Mandy," answered the old woman. "I'm his own mother's sister, you know, Mandy, and he couldn't 'a meant that. He knows I've got lots of sons and daughters and probably thinks I'd rather be with them." Mandy put away the dishes she had been washing, and when she came back her mother sat with listless hands.

"I had calculated to die here," she said slowly. "Your father died here, Mandy, and all the children was born here. I recollect I came into this house a bride, Mandy. It was thought a very fine house then, but I s'pose 'tain't so much of a one now. John says he's going to sell it, and build again. I should think this was good enough for him and his bride. Father and me thought this was good enough. I recollect he had this window and the corner cupboard put in the summer after we was married. The cupboard was for my weddin' china, and the window so's we could see the sunset from this room. I sha'n't like to get used to another sunset, Mandy, nor a new cupboard, either. I ain't never had out the china 'ceptin' for Thanksgivings and Christmases and when the children was christened and married, and always for the birthdays." Mandy went out to get some potatoes to peel. She came back with a small pan full.

"Hadn't you better peel more than that, Mandy?" asked the old woman. "We like 'em cold, you know."

"We won't have much time before Wednesday to use up more than this," observed Mandy. "I guess you forgot we weren't going to stay after that."

The next day it rained. Mandy got breakfast by lamplight, and when the two women sat down she was startled by her mother's faded, white face.

"They say 'green Christmases makes full churchyards,'" said the old woman. "I guess that's true, too. 'Pears like rain in December's terrible on rheumatism and everything else. I recollect it was just such weather as this, the December father died. I wonder what he'd say if he knew we had to leave the old house. Seem's if I couldn't leave it till after Sunday; I'd like to stay till after Christmas; but Sunday's the day father died. Can you recollect that, Mandy? I should think John'd just as soon let us stay over Sunday. Don't you think he would, Mandy?"

"I think, mother, you'd better stop talking and eat something, your tea's stone cold." Mandy poured a cup of hot tea for her mother and then watched her drink it.

"Tea don't have the same taste it used to, Mandy," she remarked, as she handed back the cup.

Mandy worked hard all day. She tried to pack the little things her mother valued without attracting the old woman's notice, but as each trifle was taken down it seemed to leave so large a space that she had to give it up. "I'm just putting our things into a box, mother," she said, "then William's coming over from the farm to get it, and we'll drive out to-morrow morning if its pleasant. I sha'n't stir a step if 'tain't fine." And Mandy looked so threatening that the bravest man would have turned from his purpose, rather than insist.

"I hope 'twill be pleasant, then," said the old woman. "Seem's if the house looked so lonely and forlorn, with so much carried away. Father's picture's never been down before 'ceptin' at cleanin' time. I'd rather move out this minnit than stay when it looks like this. Seems as if 'twas getting colder, too. Pears to be freezin' outside."

It rained and froze all night, but next morning was cold and clear, and a thin layer of snow covered the earth. At ten o'clock the sleigh came to take them over to the farm. Mandy wrapped her mother in the old faded cloak she had worn so long, and tied on her bonnet. "You'd best put father's comfort around your neck, too, and bundle up your ears. It's cold enough to freeze you up tight, mother," and Mandy accompanied her words with an extra blanket shawl. "Now, William, come and carry mother to the sleigh while I get the soap stone."

But the old woman was too quick for them. "I ain't never had to be carried out yet, she said, and I guess I sha'n't begin now."

Poor little old woman. Her first hasty step was the last. The snow was deceptive and the ice underneath treacherous, and before William or Mandy could get to her she had fallen at the very threshold of the old house. They carried her in unconscious—into the very room where the beloved husband had died—and laid her on the bed. Together they removed her wraps and made her comfortable, and then Mandy turned almost fiercely to William.

"Go get a doctor," she said: "I'm going to put her things back. When she opens her eyes I don't mean her to notice a change like this." And Mandy pointed to the bare walls. "I don't mean she shall remember I took 'em down if I can help it. Time enough to find it out when she's well."

Yes, time, enough, good old Mandy, for when the dear mother was well it was with the healing that knows no further pain. The tired eyes only opened once before they were closed in the last peaceful sleep, and then they were filled with a glad light, and Mandy stooping, caught the last few words.

"I like this best, Mandy," she said, "I always calculated to die here, and father'll be pleased, too."—Interior.

BUFFALO'S FROG INDUSTRY.

Local Fishermen Find It Profitable to Devote Much Time to It.

Thirty thousand frogs a week are brought into the Buffalo market. Even the local fishermen are devoting much of their time to collecting frogs, for one hundred of which they are receiving one dollar at the present time. A Buffalo fish company is the largest buyer. It freezes the legs for quick New York consumption, and also stores large quantities for profitable sales at other seasons. The business of securing the frogs is very remunerative to the man who knows their haunts. Twelve hundred were brought into the city on a recent evening by a fisherman who had taken them along the lake shore on the Canadian side. One of them was a cow frog that weighed two and an eighth pounds and sold for a dollar and a quarter, its legs being as large as a good-sized spring chicken. There are three methods of killing the frogs—with a stick, by spearing, and by shooting. The best time to hunt for them is about the middle of the day, when they come out of their hiding-places and seek the meadows, pastures and fields, where the grain has been cut, in search of insects. Very few frogs are caught in the marshes or on the banks of the lakes, as it is only at night they gather in these localities. In winter they are either caught with a net, which is dipped under the ice, or dug out with a spade from the sides of the banks, and are invariably caught in clusters, for they huddle together.

Wealthy Churches.

"The wealthiest denomination in the United States, if we estimate denominational wealth according to the average value of the church edifices and sites," says H. K. Carroll, in the Forum, "is the Jewish. The next is the Unitarian, the third is the Reformed (Dutch), and the fourth the Protestant Episcopal. The average value of the churches of the Reformed Jews is $38,839; of the Unitarian, $24,720; of the Reformed (Dutch), $19,227, and of the Protestant Episcopal, $16,182. The Episcopal church is, however, much more widely distributed than any of the other bodies named. The Jews are almost entirely in the cities, and the Reformed Jews are also largely so; but the Episcopalians are found not only in all the larger cities, but are represented in all the states and territories." But it is a question whether it is a safe rule to estimate denominational wealth by the value of churches and sites.

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Hartford Republican

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JO. B. ROGERS.....Editor.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1894.

Democratic Ticket.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce

E. T. WILLIAMS

As the Democratic nominee for County Judge of Ohio county. Election, November 6, 1894.

We are authorized to announce

JOHN M. LEACH

As the Democratic nominee for the office of Assessor of Ohio county. Election, November 6, 1894.

Republican Ticket.

Election, Nov. 6.

For Congress—John W. Lewis, of Washington county.
For Appellate Judge—B. L. D. Guffy.
For County Judge—John P. Morton.
For Sheriff—Cal. P. Keown.
For County Clerk—D. M. Hocker.
For County Attorney—E. P. Neal.
For Assessor—N. C. Daniel.
For Jailer—John W. Black.
For Surveyor—G. S. Fitzhugh.
For Coroner—Galin C. Westerfield.

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Rosine—C. L. Woodward.
Cromwell—Jont B. Wilson.
Fordsville
Buford

CONSTABLE:

Hartford—Hosea Shown.
Rosine—Thomas Allen.
Cromwell—R. B. Martin.
Fordsville
Buford

"A MARK OF DECAY"—Less than 100 Democrats came to town yesterday to hear the wonderful Jo. Blackburn.

THE Hon. Mat O'Doherty, the talented Irish Republican, of Louisville, will speak at Hardinsburg tomorrow.

THE wool consumption of this country fell off last year 145,000,000 pounds. Truly when the Democratic party is in the public crib the people are out in the cold.

THE largest sum of money, $26,430, ever won in a trotting race in America was won on Tuesday at Lexington in the Kentucky Futurity by Beuzetta three year old, owned by E. W. Ayer, of Franklin County.

THE consumption of wool in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1893 was 619,000,000 pounds and for the year ending June 30, 1894, 474,000,000. "This was a result" as Judge Lawrence truly said, "caused by the election of President Cleveland and a Congress to match."

HON. John W. Lewis continues to make friends wherever he speaks. Large crowds meet him at every appointment and his masterly exposition of Democratic mismanagement appeals to the better judgment of all who hear him, irrespective of party. Lewis is surely and steadily gaining.

IT is an undisputed fact that a reduction of the tariff on any article in this country is immediately followed by a revival of trade and an advance in the price of that article abroad. Every Free Trade measure in this country is followed by exultation and shouts of joy on the other side of the Atlantic. For the past several weeks the English people have been singing the praise of Mr. Wilson, of Grover Cleveland and the new Tariff bill. They have noticed the great advantage the measure gives their manufactures and do not lose the opportunity of cursing the McKinley bill, which they admit injured their trade. They know we are fools for giving away our markets, but they mean to take advantage of the gift.

THE Democratic party went before the people in 1892 promising to destroy the last vestige of Protection. They won a great victory. The country was threatened with Free Trade. As a consequence the greatest panic and business depression in the history of the country has fallen upon the people. But the Democratic party wishes now to shift the responsibility of this destruction of the prosperity of the country. The leaders and orators and editors are vehement in their assertions that all our ills are the direct result of Republican legislation. How hypocritical, how absurd. If Republican legislation is the cause of all our ills then is not the Democratic party responsible for allowing this legislation to remain on our Statute book for eighteen months after that party came into power? Sensible men will not be deceived. The ones who make these statements know themselves that they are untrue and unfounded. The farmer who was promised $1.25 a bushel for his wheat by Democratic orators does not believe it. The farmer who sells his wool for 10cts less per pound than under a Republican administration does not believe it. In fact nobody believes it. It is a fraud and a sham hoisted to shield the Democratic party from the shame and humiliation of ruining the country.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND THE TARIFF.

So much is written and spoken on the Tariff question these days that a notice of the positions of the Democratic party on the question at different times in its history should not be uninteresting. With this in view the following complete list of Democratic Tariff planks is given in the hope that it may serve both to interest and instruct. The reader should preserve this copy of THE REPUBLICAN for future reference.

In 1832 for the first time all Presidential candidates were nominated by National Conventions and for the first time the Democratic party adopted a platform. The Convention met at Baltimore, Md., March 22, 1832, and nominated Jackson for re-election. The platform was adopted at a ratification meeting at Washington City, May 11, of the same year. There are only three planks in that first platform and the first plank is as follows:

"RESOLVED, That an adequate protection to American industry is indispensible to the prosperity of the country; and that an abandonment of the policy at this period would be attended with consequences ruinous to the best interests of the nation."

It no doubt sounds strange to those who are familiar with recent Democratic utterances on the Tariff that the very first paragraph of the first Democratic platform and one, too, on which Jackson himself was elected, should have declared so strongly and unmistakably for Protection, but such is true beyond cavil or contradiction.

In 1836, the Democrats adopted no platform.

The following is the reference to the Tariff question in the Democratic platform of 1840:

"RESOLVED, That justice and sound policy forbid the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country."

The platform of 1844, re-adopts the Tariff plank of 1840. It is well for the student to bear in mind that it was during the campaign of this year in which Henry Clay and James K. Polk were candidates, that through the most heinous deception ever practiced upon any people, Mr. Polk succeeded in carrying the Protection State of Pennsylvania, by professing to be friendly to Protection, while in fact he was at heart a rabid Free Trader.

The platform of 1848 again re-adopts the Tariff plank of 1840 as above and adds in another place:

"RESOLVED, That the fruits of the great political triumph of 1844, which elected James K. Polk and George M. Dallas, have fulfilled the hopes of the Democracy of the Union, in the noble impulse given to the cause of Free Trade by the repeal of the Tariff of 1842, and the creation of the more equal, honest and productive tariff of 1846; that the confidence of the Democracy of the Union in the principles, capacity, firmness and integrity of James K. Polk, manifested by his nomination and election in 1844, has been signally justified by the strictness of his adherence to sound Democratic doctrines."

Again in 1852 the Tariff plank of 1840 was re-adopted.

In 1856 the Tariff plank of 1840 is incorporated into the platform word for word in addition to another plank as follows:

"RESOLVED, That there are questions connected with the foreign policy of this country, which are inferior to no domestic question whatever. The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of free seas and progressive free trade throughout the world, and by solemn manifestations, to place their moral influence at the side of their successful example."

The Douglas Convention in 1860 re-adopted the platforms of 1856 in the following language:

"RESOLVED, That we the Democracy of the Union, in convention assembled, hereby declare our affirmance of the resolutions unanimously adopted and declared as a platform of principles by the Democratic Convention in Cincinnati in the year of 1856, believing that Democratic principles are unchangeable in their nature, when applied to the same subject matters."

The Breckenridge Convention the same year "affirmed," the platform of 1856.

In 1864 so much space was required by the Democratic Convention in declaring the war a failure that the Tariff question was not even mentioned. The platform of 1868 demands,

"A Tariff for revenue upon foreign imports and such equal taxation under the Internal Revenue laws as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures, and as will, without impairing the revenue, impose the least burden upon and best, promote and encourage the great industrial interests of the country."

The Liberal Republican Convention met in Cincinnati May 1, 1872, and nominated Horace Greelly for President. The Tariff question is met as follows:

"And recognizing that there are in our midst honest, but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of protection and free trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their Congressional districts and to the decision of the Congress thereon, wholly free from executive interference or dictation."

The Democratic Convention met at Baltimore July 9, 1872, ratified the Liberal Republican nominations and adopted the Liberal Republican platform including the Tariff plank as above.

In 1876 the platform adopted by the Democratic Convention contained the following:

"We denounce the present tariff levied upon nearly 4,000 articles, as a masterpiece of injustice, inequality and false pretense. * * * We demand that all custom house taxation shall be only for revenue."

In 1880 the platform "declares" for "A tariff for revenue only."

In 1884, the year of Cleveland's first election, the Democratic Tariff plank was as follows:

"Knowing full well, however, that legislation affecting the operations of the people should be cautious and conservative in methods, not in advance of public opinion, but responsive to its demands the Democratic party is pledged to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests. But in making reduction in taxes, it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth. From the foundations of this Government taxes collected at the Custom House have been the chief source of Federal revenue. Such they must continue to do. Moreover, many industries have come to rely upon legislation for successful continuance, so that any change of law must be at every step regardful of the labor and capital thus involved. The process of the reform must be subject in the execution to this plain dictate of justice. All taxation shall be limited to the requirements of economical Government. The necessary reduction and taxation can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production, which may exist in consequence of the higher rates of wages prevailing in this country. Sufficient revenue to pay all the expenses of the Federal Government economically administered, including pensions, interest and principle of the public debt, can be got under our present system of taxation from the Custom House taxes on fewer imported articles bearing heaviest on articles of luxury and lighter on articles of necessity. We, therefore, denounce the abuses of the existing tariff; and subject to the preceding limitations, we demand that Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes, and shall not exceed the needs of the Government economically administered."

The Democratic Tariff plank for 1888 is as follows:

"Our established domestic industries and enterprises should not and need not be endangered by the reduction and correction of the burdens of taxation. On the contrary, a fair and careful revision of our tax laws, with due allowance for the difference between the wages of American and foreign labor, must promote and encourage every branch of such industries and enterprises by giving them assurance of an extended market and steady and continuous operations. In the interest of American labor, which should in no event be neglected, the revision of our tax laws contemplated by the Democratic party should promote the advantage of such labor by cheapening the cost of necessaries of life in the home of every workingman, and at the same time securing to him steady and remunerative employment."

In 1892 the Democratic platform declared:

"We denounce Republican Protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no Constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only."

Space forbids any comments this issue but some may be made later. In the meantime, the reader should call upon his Democratic neighbors to tell him when the Democratic party is right? Whether in 1832, when it declares for Protection, or in 1892, when it declares for Free Trade?

FROM all over the District come the most encouraging reports of Judge Guffy's increasing strength and popularity. Everywhere in his canvass he awakens a hearty interest and enthusiasm among the people who every day are more than ever convinced that the Judge is one of them, that his interests are their interests and that no corporation has a ring in his nose. Judge Guffy is free from the domination of cliques—a fact his opponent cannot truthfully claim as to himself.

When catarrh attacks a person of scrofulous diathesis, the disease is almost sure to become chronic. The only efficacious cure, therefore, is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels scrofula from the system and the catarrh soon follows suit. Local treatment is only a waste of time.

KINDERHOOK.

R. P. Baird and sister, Miss. Minnie, attended the Owensboro fair Saturday.

Miss Ora Barnett, No Creek, has returned home after a visit to friends and relatives in Daviess County.

Miss Mattie Chinn, Beda, left for an extended visit to relatives in Arkansas not long since.

T. L. Anderson attended the Owensboro Fair last Saturday.

Mrs. Ada Barnes, who has been confined to her bed for some time with typhoid, fever is improving.

Rev. I. H. Teel, Beaver Dam, preached to quite an attentive audience at Alexander Schoolhouse last Sunday evening.

C. H. Ellis has resumed school again after a week's absence on account of sickness.

Mrs. Amanda Barnettt spent Sunday in town, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Jo. B. Rogers, who is quite sick.

Alonzo Hays, Whitesville, is the guest of R. A. Anderson and family at this writing.

Mrs. Lyda Baird and two children, Spring Lick, are expected to be in Kinderhook this week.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Wilburn Tinsley died on the 6th and was buried Sunday at 3 o'clock at Alexander burying ground.

Miss Sudie M. Anderson and Mr. V. G. Barnett, contemplate visiting friends at Centertown Sunday, Oct. 14, 1894. DAISY DEANE.

ROBIN HOOD

Writes About Things in General from the Capital of Breckenridge County.

HARDINSBURG, KY., Oct. 10, '94.

REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN TEXT-BOOK:—There is no excuse whatever for Republicans to be ignorant in the least of the political condition of the country. The Republican Campaign Text-book is now ready for distribution. It contains 328 pages and is replete with valuable facts and figures. It gives the origin and principles of the Republican party and the principles of other parties as well. It gives a history of our last Congress up to the closing hour. It can be had for the remarkably low price of 25cts. per copy and is a document that all good Republicans should have in their library. Five copies can be had for one dollar, or twelve copies for two dollars. One hundred copies can be had for ten dollars. The committees of each county could not do a better thing for the cause of Republicanism in the Congressional election now approaching than to scatter these text-books broadcast over the District. Mail all orders to Thomas H. McKee, 210 Delaware Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.

BOARD-HARDIN.—Mr. Elijah Board and Mrs. Margaret Hardin were united in marriage, Sunday, September 23d, at the home of the latter. Mr. Board is well known in all parts of Breckinridge county. He was Circuit Clerk for several terms and has been one of the prominent business men of the county. By his successful business methods he has acquired considerable property and is considered strong financially. He was a candidate for the nomination for the office of County Judge, before the Democratic primary last spring and made a vigorous canvass of the county, notwithstanding the fact that he is seventy years of age. His wife is the daughter of Mr. Charles Hambleton deceased. Besides being an entertaining, estimable woman, she is also one of shrewd business sense. The many friends of both have a sincere desire that they will be happy and certainly wish them much joy.

MR. SMITH.—Smith is a common name. Occasionally we meet a Smith however, that is by no means a common man. Such is the case with Mr. Al Smith, with the firm of John P. Morton & Co. He can get more soul stirring music out of a violin than any violinist we have ever heard. He is the father of the celebrated Master George Smith, the musical prodigy, who could perform difficult pieces of music on the violin at the age of ten years, and who is now in the College of Music at Cincinnati, where he is making a reputation for himself. Mr. Smith was in town a short time ago and favored some of our people with a musical treat. Mrs. Blanche Mosley played the accompaniment to the pieces, and speaking of violin music, reminds us that the violin is rather frowned upon by many excellent people. The idea is prevalent that it is the instrument of the dance and the country grocery. Nothing is further from the truth. It is strictly a scientific instrument and no man has ever yet completely mastered it. The right place for the violin is in our musical entertainments, in the social circle, in the home and in the church. It is extremely unfortunate that a man has ideas so little distance from the town in which he lives. The ideas are treated so lightly, even contemptously that his very heart is made to bleed. But the idea that music is only for women and effeminate men will soon be numbered with the many strange things of the dead past. Music is nothing if not elevating and enobling.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moral with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night.
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

DAVID B. HILL.—The Democratic party within the last two years has had many things to hear. In the first place they say the Congress which they controlled by a large majority ruthlessly betrayed its trusts. The senate especially is made the scape goat to carry off a multitude of sins. The senate it must be remembered also had a Democratic majority sufficiently large to deal out all the patronage at its disposal to Democrats and Democrats only. But when it was brought face to face with Democratic promises it recklessly smashed them all. Next comes Mr. Cleveland, at one time aided by his party, and says the tariff bill which a Democratic Congress passed constituted Democratic "perfidy and dishonor." We must beg the pardon of our readers for inflicting on them the terms, "perfidy and dishonor," because it has truly become stale. It is in the line of our thought, however, and we therefore put it in. The latest blow that Democracy has recieved comes from Empire State of New York. The Democrats of New York have unanimously nominated Mr. Hill for Governor of that State for a third time. And not only have they nominated him but they have also shown such enthusiasm over him as was never seen before. Now it must be remembered that Mr. Hill was considerd such a bad Democrat that he was not permitted to be in the Democratic Caucus to decide on a tariff policy. Mr. Hill also bitterly opposed the income tax feature of the Wilson Bill, which was evidently a scheme to capture People's Party vote. At least it partakes of the communistic ideas of that party. Mr. Hill has been abused and violently kicked and cuffed about by his own party. Now however as he has been nominated by his party in the State of New York, the Democratic party at large will either be forced to take their Hill fill or else proceed to repudiate the Democracy of New York. But the Democratic party can't do without New York consequently they will swallow every thing bad they have said of Hill and will henceforth praise his name. The facts of it is, Mr. Hill is the only Sinlesman in the Democratic party. Both as a Statesman and successful politician he towers head and shoulders above a other leaders of his party. It is men like Hill that Republicans have to fear. Mr. Hill is tireless in his labors for Democracy and indefatigable in his efforts for his own aggrandizement. It would be difficult task to give a good description of David Hill. In short Mr. Hill is Mr. Hill.

ROBIN HOOD.

A Good Appetite

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. These universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its merits in restoring the appetite and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, 25c.

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the root and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

CERULVO.

Health is good as usual.

Sorghum making is now on.

Rev. J. C. Brandon preached an able sermon at the schoolhouse Sunday night.

A wagon load of us and others attended the dedication at West Providence Sunday.

A debating and Literary Society was organized last Wednesday night at this place. Joe K.

Attention, G. A. R.

The Preston Morton Post, No. 4, will meet at court hall on Saturday, October 13, and every comrade is expected to attend, as there is very important business to come up. By order of commander, Wood Tinsley.

J. C. CHAMBERLAIN, Adjt.

Do you have headache, dizziness, drowsiness, loss of appetite and other symptoms of biliousness? Hood's Sarsaparilla, will cure you.

Below we give a list of preachers for this District, as assigned by the Conference of the M. E. Church, recently held in Louisville: D. F. Kerr, P. E. Bowling Green. Birmingham, W. T. Dunn. Bremen, J. S. Miller. Bowling Green, J. S. Cox. Caneyville, To be supplied. Central City, G. P. Jeffries. Deer Lick, To be supplied. Earlington, A J. Bennett. Hickory Grove, J. W. Deweese Hopkinsville, C. C. Hall. Marion, J. H. Hayes. Milburn, E L. Carson. Morgantown, S. W. Schelton. No Creek, J. B. Perryman. Ontou, E. B Timmons. Woodbury. To be supplied.

Rev. Ollie Felix was sent to the No Creek Circuit to assist Rev. Perryman.

A Wonderful Conqueror

No disease more common among the people than scrofula. Handed down from generation to generation, it is found in nearly every family, in some form. It may make its appearance in dreadful running sores, in swelling in the neck or goitre, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attacking the mucous membrane it may be known as catarrh, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption.

In whatever forms scrofula may manifest itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is its inveterate foe and conqueror. This medicine has such powerful alterative and vitalizing effect upon the blood that every trace of impurity is expelled, and the blood is made rich, pure and healthy,

For Sale or Rent.

A house and lot on Dog Street. In good condition. Call on or address John J. McHenry, Hartford, Ky. 11-tf

Notice to Log Men

I am now ready to buy a limited number of saw logs and will be in Hartford on Monday and Saturday of each week after the 15th inst. and will be glad to meet all who wish to contract. My post-office address is Sulphur Springs, Ohio county, Ky.

11t4 Resp'y W. H. MOORE.

A fine head of hair is an indispensable element of beauty. Ayer's Hair Vigor maintains youthful freshness and luxuriance, restores to faded and gray hair its original color, prevents baldness, removes dandruff, and cures scald diseases. It gives perfect satisfaction.

NOTICE.

I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 362, and one will be sent you free.

HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A Humorous Eulogy of Washington by Mark Twain.

The Great General Was His Model from His Cradle Up—How Thoughts of Him Saved the Farmer's Green Watermelon.

At the dedication of the new town hall at Fair Haven, Mass., on February 22 last, Mark Twain delivered a humorous eulogy of Washington, in which he said:

"It was a pleasant and patriotic thought to dedicate this building and confirm this place to Fair Haven on this natal day of Washington. George Washington, first of Americans; George Washington, the father of his country; George Washington, the father of those who cannot lie. The family has dwindled a good deal. But I am left yet, and when I look back over the waste of years and call up the faces of the others and know that I shall see them no more in this life, and that I must remain now solitary and forlornly conspicuous alone, the last, the sole remnant of that old noble stock, it makes me feel sad, and, oh! so lonesome. What I owe to Washington no words of mine can tell. He was my model from my cradle up. All that I am, morally speaking, I owe to his example. Even in my tenderest youth his spirit was ever near to guide and succor me.

"The first time I ever stole a watermelon in my life—I think it was the first time—it was the thought of Washington that moved me to make restitution, restored me to the path of rectitude, made me morally whole again. When I found out that it was a green watermelon I was sorry, not superficially, but deeply and honestly sorry. Then came the thought of Washington, and I said to myself: 'What would George have done if he had stolen a watermelon—a green one? He would make restitution. That is what he would do. And that is what I did. I rose up, spiritually refreshed and strong, and carried the watermelon back to the farmer's wagon and restored it to him, and said the merit was not mine, but Washington's. It was Washington that saved me that time. He has been my guardian angel ever since, and has had an active career. I am glad and proud to have an opportunity at least to celebrate his memory and do honor to his noble name."

PHYSICIAN'S ODD BEQUESTS.

Two Medical Students Receive Valuable Instruments from a Stranger.

A young medical student at the police infirmary in Paris, named Gustave Lefilliatre, has had a curious communication on the subject of a legacy left to him by a stranger. It was in the form of a letter from a solicitor named Leger, practicing at Marines, in the department of the Seine-et-Oise. The solicitor informed him that the late Dr. Dubois, a medical man at Chars, had left a will by which he bequeathed all his surgical and medical appliances, free of legacy duty, to two students obtaining their degree at the examination next after the decease of the testator. The two students selected were to be those who came out No. 14 and No. 84 in the list.

The other lucky man was M. Georges Labey, who was to make an appointment to go with M. Lefilliatre to fetch the property. At first it was thought that the letter was a hoax, as practical jokes are common among medical students, but the two young men went to the place indicated, and were there duly presented with an exceptionally fine collection of instruments and necessories of all kinds for division between them. They learned that their being specially chosen was due to the fact that the deceased doctor had twice passed an examination, and that he had on those occasions been No. 14 and No. 84 on the lists.—London Daily News.

BESSIE'S FAITH.

Little Bessie's papa
Is an advertising man
Who talks his business everywhere,
Everywhere he can.

Little Bessie heard him,
Heard him talking ads,
And became a loyal convert
To that theory of her dad's

And like her good papa,
Believed that anything desired,
Could be had by advertising
When properly inspired.

One day there came a babe,
To fill the house with joy,
A great big bouncing baby,
A ten-pound baby boy.

And when Bessie saw her brother,
As she tip-toed on the mat
And saw the babe, she said "Mamma;
Did you advertise for that?"

GOING TO BUILD? Our new designs are beauties. Will send you samples FREE if you will send us your own and address of others you know, who think of building. Architectural Bureau, 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Much Run Down

Was my condition, says Mr Wm. Weatherford, tax collector at Key West, Florida. My appe-

Mr. Wm. Weatherford

tite was poor and I was quite miserable. Friends advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

taken 5 bottles, and am much better, have gained in weight, and enjoy a good appetite.

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

QUARTERLY REPORT

—OF THE—

Beaver Dam DEPOSIT BANK

At the Close of Business on 18th day of June 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$72,075.87
Overdratts, secured	264.11
Overdratts, unsecured	594.30
Due from National Banks	11,115.58
Due from State banks and Bankers	45.59
Banking house and lot	3,000.00
Specie	2,632 72
Currency	2,044.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,500.00
Current expenses	867.12
	$94,139.29

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in, in cash	$25,000 00
Surplus fund	8,250.00
Undivided profits	4,204.02
Due Depositors	56,571.67
Due St'te banks & St'te b'k'rs	59.00
Due National Banks	54.60
	$94,139.29

STATE OF KENTUCKY, COUNTY OF OHIO. } ss

John H. Barnes, Cashier of Beaver Dam Deposit Bank, a bank located and doing business in the town of Beaver Dam, in said county, being duly sworn, says that the foregoing report is in all respects a true statement of the condition of the said bank at the close of business on the 18th day of June, 1894, to the best of his knowledge and belief; and further says that the business of said bank has been transacted at the location named, and not elsewhere; and that the above report is made in compliance with an official notice received from the Secretary of State, designating the 18th day of June, 1894, as the day on which such report shall be made.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by John H. Barnes, the 20th day of June, 1894. ROWAN HOLBROOK, Clerk Ohio County Court

By SHELBY TAYLOR, D. C.

J. H. BARNES, Cashier
R. P. HOCKER, Director.
JNO. H. BARNES, "
I. P. BARNARD, "

CALL ON

R. E. CLARK,

The Leading Photographer.

Pictures in Every Style and Size.

Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged

—A SPECIALTY.—

108½ Main Street.

37m6 OWENSBORO, KY

W. D. LUCE.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY,

Contractor and Builder

Will draw draftis from a nice, neat cozy cottage up to a fine two story house. Will draw plans free of charge. Will make careful estimates on all kinds of buildings, and remodal old houses. Motto—"Live and let live."

BEST IN QUALITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!

WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE

• FOR 20 YEARS •

Has led all Worm Remedies.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Prepared by RICHARDSON MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS.

St. Frances Hotel

Owensboro, Kentucky.

OPPOSITE TEXAS DEPOT. BEST FARE.

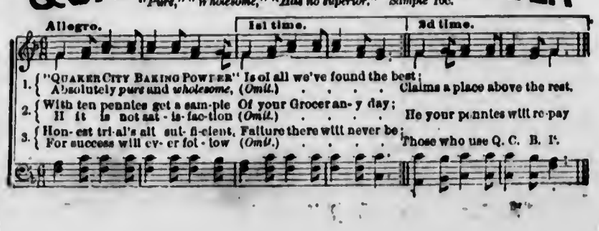
Rates Reasonable.

NO LIQUORS SOLD. NO INEBRIATES KEPT. THE PATRONAGE OF ALL GOOD PEOPLE SOLICITED.

S. S. STAHL, - - Prop'r.

QUAKER CITY BAKING POWDER

"Pure," "Wholesome," "Has no superior." Sample 10c.



A Light Wrap.

Something that will just keep the chill off, when you are riding or walking. You don't feel like putting on heavy winter garments, but you do need a light wrap.

An UMBRELLA

You might as well think of going without a hat as to wear one and have it spotted and spoiled by the fall rains. You neep an umbrella, something neat and yet inexpensive.

A Rain-Coat.

Well, a rain-coat is what everyone needs, and we don't have to argue that point.

FAIR BROS. & CO.

Have all the necessaries to comfort and a host of other things.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1894.

We are in the lead CARSON & Co.

Another lot of hats and caps at Carson & Co.

Captain Sam K. Cox and wife attended the Owensboro last week.

We have always got what you want. CARSON & Co.

Mr. H. P. Taylor and wife returned from Louisville Tuesday night.

Don't fail to see our boots and shoes. CARSON & Co.

Mrs Jennie McHenry went to Rosine Wendesday to spend a few days

Visit Miss Sara Collins for Millinery goods. CARSON & Co.

We sell goods cheaper than the cheapest. CARSON & Co.

Mrs. O. M. Shultz, who has been sick for several days, is somewhat better.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Vickers, Owensboro, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Matthew.

Messrs. John R. Phipps and C. B. Sullenger made a business trip to Evansville last week.

Misses Margaret and Carolyn Barbour left for Louisville Monday, to be absent several days.

Mr. G. T. McHenry and sister, Miss Isabelle, went to Owensboro last week to visit relatives.

Elder J W. Keown will preach the funeral of Eliza A. Stewart at the old Wm. C Leach graveyard on the second Sunday in November.

Mr. R. Clinton Westerfield, of Glendean, Ky., is visiting his brother, G. C. Westerfield. This is the first time they have met for 22 years.

Prof. Wm. Foster, of Hartford College, will speak at the Beda school house to-night in the interest of Education. The public generally is invited.

Mr. L. P. Loney, of Owensboro, was in Hartford several days last week, sick at the Commercial Hotel. He is now at the home of a relative near Point Pleasant.

The ordinance of baptism was administered to Mr. C. H. Ellis in the river, near the Mill, Wednesday evening by Eld. I. H. Teel, of the Christian Church.

Mrs. W. H. Moore, Sulphur Springs, happened to a very painful accident last Saturday. In going out a door the steps slipped and she fell, breaking her arm just below the elbow. She is getting along as well as could be expected.

A fourteen months old child of Mr. and Mrs Wilbur Tinsley, living in Washington neighborhood, died last Saturday and was buried Sunday at the Alexander burying ground, in the presence of a large crowd of sorrowing and sympathizing friends.

T. O. Baker is the groceryman with Carson & Co.

We have the biggest stock in town to select from CARSON & Co.

Call on Casebier & Burton when in town and get your horse fed.

We have just received a large shipment of cloaks. CARSON & Co.

Born, to the wife of G. B. Williams, on last Monday, the 8th. a boy.

FOR SALE—Twenty pigs and shoats. Call on Jno. J. McHenry.

Alonzo Hayes, Whitesville, visited relatives in kinderhook this week.

Mrs. F. L. Felix and son, Douglas, are visiting relatives in Louisville.

Good rigs on short notice, at reasonable prices. CASEBIER & BURTON.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Baker, of Beaver Dam, were in town yesterday.

Miss Enola Westerfield has been quite sick for several days, but is improving.

Ladies when you come to town visit our cloak department. CARSON & Co.

Miss Clara Patterson gave quite a pleasant entertainment at College Hall last night

Miss Berta Morton has been quite sick for several days with a complication of diseases.

Rev. J. C. Brandon has moved his family into the Lawton property on Washington Street.

For a shingle, shave or shampoo, call on H. C. Pace, the best barber in the Green River country.

If you need a cloak or an overcoat, hat, cap, boots or shoes or anything kept in a first-class house; see Carson & Co.

The Hartford Cornet Band consists of the following members: Three brothers, two uncles, one father, one son, and one nephew, four members that are no kin at all. Will some one please tell how many members there are in this band?

Eld. S. F. Fowler, of the Christian Church, began a meeting at the Court House last Wednesday night, as announced. By kind permission of the Methodist brethren, the place of meeting has been changed to the Methodist Church and will continue at that place until further notice. Elder Fowler preached an excellent opening sermon and was greeted with a good audience at the Methodist Church last night. He comes among us giving every evidence of an able speaker, and an earnest christian, and a life of zealous devotion to the cause of the Master. We hope and believe he will do much good in our midst and he should be given the prayerful co-operation of all the good people of our town.

The Commercial Hotel took care of four hundred and twenty guests during the last month, besides eight to ten regular boarders. See! The Commercial is the best hotel in the Geen River country. T. M. ILER, Prop.

Rev. C. F. Williams, Pastor in charge of Pleasant Ridge Circuit, will preach at Mt. Hermon Saturday night and Sunday. All interested in Christianity and especially the members of the church are requested to be present.

Master Coleman, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Taylor, of Greenville, has been quite sick for some time, with typhoid fever, is better. He has been under the treatment of Dr. Taylor, of Louisville, and by his close attention his life was saved.

Special meeting of the Hartford Commercial Club will be held in Rowan Holbrook's office next Friday night to send delegates to the Immigration Convention at Louisville, Oct. 24. All members are requested to attend. C. R. MARTIN; Sec'y.

Gov. Mckinley will speak in Louisville on Oct. 18th. and for the event the C. O. & S. W. R R. will make a rate of one fare for round trip from Princeton and intermediata stations to Louisville, tickets to be sold for trains 8 and 6 on Oct. 18th. and returning from Louisville on all trains of Oct. 19th.

Mr. A. R. Carson left Tuesday night for Owensboro, to be present at the marriage of his cousin, Miss Lola Pyles, to Mr. John Daniel. Miss Pyles will be remembered as a young lady who has visited here at different times, and is quite attractive. Mr. Daniel is a popular traveling man, and has many friends here.

Master John Pendleton Coleman Smith, little son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Smith, died Wednesday morning in Owensboro, where he had gone with his parents to attend the Fair last week. He was taken with membraneous croup, and grew stadily worse from the first, although the best medical skill was employed. John was an unusually bright little boy, and will be greatly missed by our people, as he was a great pet. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of a host of sorrowing friends.

Sour Milk Griddles.

Two cups sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful soda, salt, butter and sugar. Any cook knows how to mix and fry griddle cakes. Everyone who has tasted Ayer's Sarsaparilla certifies to its superiority over all other blood-purifiers. Its action on the stomach, liver, and bowels, is more prompt, thorough and lasting, than that produced by any other medicine.

Report.

Of School District, No. 44, for the month ending September 28, 1894. Pearl Coppage 94, Minde Bewley 84, Bessie Powers 91, Effie Wimsatt 84, Lulie Petty 99, Jessie Boling 85, Abbie Willett 86, Bertha Petty 94, Kttie Petty 90, Lizzie Calloway 98, Sissie Coppage 95, Iona Phillips 99, Cora Petty 99, Dona Westerffeld 99, Dora Maddox 84, Willie Lanham 85, Mamie Hale 86, Wilbur Hale 85, Eva Gentry 85, Alma Petty 87, Lena Brown 83, Iva Coppage 82, Fannie Bewley 86, Alma Gentry 87, Rosa Coppage 82, Tula Coppage 86, Minnie Westerfield 84, Roscoe Bewley 82, Elbert Brown 86, Waller Galloway 85, Allie Wimsatt 87, John Lanham 94, Lee Phillips 87, Lester Phillips 82, Theodore Westerfield 92, Thomas Turnham 92, Clarance Gentry 90, James Willett 87, Homer Boling 87, Melvin Westerfield 93, Jesse Maddox 93, Cooper Harrison 92, James Turnham 92, Dudley Maddox 83, Arthur Westerfield 92, Everett Phillips 83, Ora Phillips 92, Myrtle Graham 96, Gerbert Graham 86, Verna Petty 86, Moses Coppage 91, Mary Wilson 96, James Galloway 97, Ella Wilson 84, Frankie Condor 84, Allie Whitten 85, James Whitten 83, Icy Milam 79, Emma Condor 82, W. C. Loyal 88, Jo W. Loyal 87, Morse Boling 89, Frank Whitten 90, Jesse Milam 80, Willie Lewellen 87, D. Lewellen 81 Effie Brown 80.

LEE B. MILLS, Teacher.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Goshen District, No. 10.

General average for the month ending September 28, 1894.

Annie Millard 89, Ida Millard 90, Mamie Stevens. 90, Mallie Stevens 90, Lillie Ingram 78, Ora Millard 75, Jessie Dowell 88, Gracie Cooper 90, Josie Stevens 70, Annie Stevens 69, Rosie Ingram 78, Susie Williams 94 Ada Miller 95, Laura Barnes 94, Bessie Barnes 94, Pearl Pate 94, Pearl Harris 94, Mary Engleby 80, Charlotte Baker 90, Minnie Jahn 90, Mattie Barnes 83, Effie Renfrow 80, Lemilus Pate 80, Greenwell Ingram 95, Verda Harris ab, Scott Millard ab, Henry Jahn 78, Robert Jahn 78, Flavius Baker 82, Charles Baker 82, Charles Millard 88, Cleveland Stevens 68, Archie Stevens 68, Arthur Dowell 85, Robert McDowell 88, Martin Renfrow 94, Walker Renfrow 92, Luther Renfrow 80, Harry Harris 78, Lesley Barnes 80, Arthur McDowell 70, Ira Pirtle 67, Jimmie Pirtle 68, Owen Taylor 95, Mervell Byers 95, Charles Henry 90, Nellie Cooper 95, Robert Millard 68, Arthur Worsley 90, Pearl Worsley 95, Eva Worsley 65, Ed Cooper 93.

General average in attendance 47.

MAMIE REID, Teacher.

Beda Republicans.

The Republicans of Beda precinct are called to meet at Beda school house Friday night 19th, to attend to important business.

C. M. BARNETT, Ch'ma.

BLACKBURN!

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC MOGUL FROM BRECKINRIDGE'S DISTRICT

Comes Down to Teach Ohio County People How to Vote.

A Very Good Speech Had it Been Delivered to People Who do not Read.

A VERY SMALL CROWD ATTEND.

Yesterday the Hon Jo Blackburn spoke at the Court House to a crowd of about two hundred persons, half of whom were Republicans, Populists and ladies. Very few people came in from the country to hear the great Jo., and the stay-at-homes were just that much better off.

The speech was a very unfair and carefully worded conglomeration of political buncombe and outright falsehoods. Had his speech been delivered in some backwoods community, which he evidently considered Hartford and Ohio county, it would have accomplished its purpose, but before a reading people his false reasoning and willful misrepresentations fell quite flat and only reflected discredit upon a man who is now and seeks yet to be a United States Senator.

An Electric Plant Here.

A movement is on foot to establish an electric plant at this place. The same could be operated cheaply, as water power would greatly reduce the cost of running the machinery, and fuel for the operation of an engine could be secured at a small cost. Mr. J.C. Pfeifer, an expert Electrician of Owensboro, has been here several days looking into the matter, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made the work will begin at once.

COASTING IN THE ALPS.

Descending a Long Declivity in a Novel and Exciting Way.

"I had a coasting experience during a visit to Switzerland that was as exciting as it was novel," remarked H. P. Woodson, of Philadelphia. "One day we made up a party of four ladies and as many gentlemen to make a short trip up among the Alps. Arriving at the top of a great declivity of frozen snow, our guide stopped, and, addressing himself to the ladies, asked how they would enjoy coasting down the hill? As we had brought no sleds with us or any other contrivance for coasting, the ladies looked at him in astonishment and asked him to explain. This he did, and we followed his instructions to the letter. Each of the gentlemen folded his overcoat in four and the lady whom he was to pilot down the hill took a seat on her shawl, the ends of which she wound about her feet, directly behind him, the gentleman holding her firmly by the ankles. Then at a given signal we started off, dragging our companions, laughing and uttering little shrieks, after us. We went down the hill like a shot, and at the bottom arose a little giddy, but otherwise none the worse for our experience."—Philadelphia Record.

CLOSE OF THE WAR.

Brave Deeds of the Army Which Marched into the Crimea.

The formally ratified treaty of peace was brought to London by Hon. William Stuart, first attache to the British embassy at Paris, on the 28th of April, 1856. Sunday, the 4th of May, was observed as a day of general thanksgiving to Almighty God for the preservation of peace, and on Monday, the 5th, it was formally proclaimed in London, with the usual solemnities, says the New York Advertiser. Addresses to the crown, approving of the peace, were carried in both houses of parliament on the evening of that day, and on the 28th both houses cordially voted "thanks to the army, navy and marines employed in the operations of the late war." The feelings entertained toward the men who fought and bled in the Crimea by the queen, the government and the people of England are also placed on record in an excellent dispatch of Lord Panmure's, which will be perpetuated as long as the language exists.

"Since the period," said the noble secretary of war, "when the army first quitted the shores of England there has been no vicissitude of war which it has not been called upon to encounter. It was assailed by cholera shortly after it arrived in Turkey. Then was proved that moral as well as physical courage pervaded its ranks. Led to the field, it triumphed in engagements in which heavy odds were on the enemy's side. It carried on, under difficulties almost incredible, a siege of unprecedented duration, in the course of which the trying duties of the treaches, privations from straitened supplies and the fearful diminution of its numbers from disease neither shook its courage nor impaired its discipline. Notwithstanding that many a gallant comrade fell in their ranks and many were called upon to mourn the gallant commander who led them from England and who closed in the field his noble career as a soldier, her majesty's troops never flinched from their duties nor disappointed the sanguine hopes of the country."

LIVE AGENT WANTED Agent wanted for new book. Splendid seller. Rare opportunity for any active man or lady. $75 per month easily earned. No experience required, as we give full instructions. We pay express and allow 30 days credit. Let us tell you about it. P. W. Ziegler & Co., Box 1870, Philadelphia, Pa.

COME TO

BEAVER DAM!

Again we Announce to the People Of Ohio and Adjoining Counties Our

SEMI-ANNUAL OPENING!

And without any flourish of trumpets or jingle of words we are positive that we have the STOCK OF GOODS from which the people of this country can select their "supplies," their "SUNDAY WEAR," their "wedding suits," outfits for housekeeping, in fact everything. It matters not what may be said about "hard times," people must have all these things, and we know it, and we know they have got the money to pay for these. Come and look through, then if you do not buy you are certainly out nothing.

Now we will not give a great list of low prices, because people not only want some low-priced goods but they want something new, FINE AND FASHIONABLE.

As to Staples we have STACKS on STACKS of PRINTS, DOMESTICS, Tickings, Plaids, Jeans, Linseys, Flannels, &c.,&c. The best Prints in the world at 5c. Canton Flannels at 5c. Domestics at 5c., &c., &c.

Dress Goods from 10c. to $1.25 per yard. FURNISHING GOODS of all kinds. MILLINERY and Cloaks NEW, NOBBY and FASHIONABLE. SHOES, elegant and stylish.

SEE HERE! The cash or good country produce will buy these goods. COME TO SEE US.

HOCKER & CO.

BEAVER DAM.

Happenings and Personals as Reported by our Regular Correspondent.

Rev. E. E Pate delivered a splendid sermon in the School Hall Sunday night.

Mr. R. P. Hocker and wife, Misses Viola Pirtle, Fannie Barnes and N. May Friend, Messrs. E. P. Barnes and C. W. Parrott were present at the dedication of West Providence Church Sunday.

Miss Clara Patterson gave a splendid Elocutionary entertainment in the School Hall Monday night.

Mr. H. D. Hunt went to Huntsville Sunday for his little daughter, Sallie, who has been there for the past week visiting friends and relatives.

Rev. I. H. Teel, wife and child returned home Friday from a visit to friends and relatives in Bowling Green and adjoining towns.

Mr. J. H. Nave spent last week in Louisville.

Miss Mabel Sweatte returned Monday from an extended visit to friends in Rockport.

Miss Dora E. Gibson spent Sunday at her home in Hartford.

Mrs. Marilda Shackleford and son, Eddie, of Texas, are spending a month with relatives here.

Miss Eliza McKenney, who has been taking guitar lessons for the past two months, returned to her home in Butler county.

Miss Margaret B. Clark, Louisville, arrived in our town Tuesday for the purpose of securing a class in music, both vocal and instrumental.

Misses Dora E. Gibson, N. May Friend and Emma Barnes spent Sunday night in the country, the guests of Mr. Ham Barnes and family.

Sad news came over the wire from Owensboro Tuesday night, stating that little John Smith, son of T. J. Smith, of Hartford, was dying. Mr. J. H. Nave and wife left for Oowensboro immediately on receipt of the news. ATTYE.

Minutes Of

Rockport Magisterial District Teachers' meeting at Highview' Oct. 6th, 1894 Called to order at 10 a. m. by Secretary J. H. Wood. Seven teachers and one visitor present. Marvin Kimbley was elected chairman pro tem. After some discussion the next meeting was appointed for Ceralvo, District No. 16, at 9 a. m. third Saturday in November. A committee on program to report at some future time was appointed, adjournment. On leaving, the party met J. B. Wilson and Z. H. Shultz coming to the meeting. Supt Shultz asked for a return of the recalcitrants. After a short consultation they agreed to meet at 2 p. m. after partaking of the hospitality of Bro. Kelly Maddox and others. Afternoon session called to order by Supt. Shultz. Appointed secretary pro tem, J. C. Barnard. Discussed subject as follows: "How to prevent whispering in school." Prof. Rosson does not allow whispering, that is clear across the room. J. B. Wilson does not read aloud love letters found in school. J. L. Brown just kept pecking at them till they quit. J. C. Barnard don't want them to entirely quit. How to secure regular attendance, discussed by A. M. Smith, J. L. Brown, Z. H. Shultz and J. B. Wilson. General sociability the main point. After endorsing arrangments of the forenoon the meeting adjourned. J. C. BARNARD, Sec'y pro tem.

Superintendent's Visits.

Friday, 12th, 58, 8, J. L. Elmore.
83, 11, Miss Sallie Quisenberry.
78, 2:30, J. J. Keown.
Monday, 15th, 55, 8, J M. Stogner.
105, 11, Miss Henri Hammons.
56, 2:30, I. C. Hoover.
Tuesday, 16th, 49, 8, Miss Mallie Ferguson.
46, 11, Miss Alice Bowman.
57, 2:30, ——
Wednesday, 17th, 97, 8, Miss Maggie Richardson.
109, 11, A. S. Bennett.
67, 2:30, J. L Hoover.
Thursday, 18th, 48, 8, C. H. McDonald.
20, 11, Lowry B. Mills.
12, 2:30, A. S. Tanner.
Friday, 19th, 100, 8, U. C. Barnett.
52, 11, D. E. Ward.
53, 2:30, C. H. Ellis.

For Sale.

Any one desiring to buy a cheap farm with a good young orchard of 150 bearing trees, a fine lot white oak and poplar timber, should call on or write me. The farm is on the Rochester and Beaver Dam road near Cool Spring Church. I will sell low. J. A. HOOPS, Prentis, Ky.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

College Happenings.

A great interest is maintained in all the different departments, the cool weather seeming to thrill every soul with animation, and all are pressing on with their work grandly and nobly.

It is apparent on every hand that the influence of Hartford College is penetrating farther and farther, limited not by the boundaries of our own county, but reaching throughout the counties of our State, and adjoining States. We truly believe our school is fast approaching the zenith of prosperity and like the setting sun that crowns the passing world with azure and gold, so will this school leave a name that will glow with perpetual brilliancy long after its walls have crumbled behind the shadowy cliffs of time.

Miss Ella Herring and Mr. Horace Pendleton are new students this week.

Mrs. O. M. Shultz, who has been sick for several days, is improving.

Rev. C. R. Crowe, Jeffersonville, Ind., conducted General X Thursday morning. His talk was highly appreciated.

Misses Verda Duke, Oma Westerfield and Carrie Woerner were visitors Thursday morning.

Prof. Pirtle's address last Thursday morning elicited much praise from both the students and faculty.

Our congenial President conducted Exercises Monday morning.

Miss Bertie Nall was a welcome visitor this week.

Rev. E. E. Pate conducted General X Tuesday morning.

Misses Sallie Cate, Pearl Joplin and Mr. Jo. B. Rogers were visitors this week.

Quite a number of the students attended the dedication at West Providence last Sunday and a delightful time is reported.

Miss Lula Walker and Mrs. Sam A. Anderson visited the school Wednesday morning.

Mr. Shultz conducted General X Wednesday morning in his usual intellectual manner. ***

Do You Need Maps?

We have with us for a short time R. L. Eads & Co., representing the firm of Rand, McNally & Co., publishers of the famous house and office maps. Every farmer, merchant, lawyer and doctor should have this useful acquisition in his home. These young men live in our own State and come highly recommended. They will take great pleasure in showing you the work in your homes with prices too low to mention. 10-6t

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Award.

Take a bottle home to-day. cruising without seeing a whale, the tiser. Boston, Mass.

Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1894.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

BY MRS. M. L. HAYNE

"None but the bride should try on the wedding dress," is one of those domestic superstitions which often sway households. There may be nothing in it, but I have seen such dire results follow a transgression of this occult law that I would advise young women to respect the shibboleth even if they do not believe in it. I myself have seen pork curl in the frying-pan like a living thing, all because the animal that supplied the meat had been slaughtered in the dark of the moon. And I know that bad luck is sure to follow the bride who makes her own wedding cake. How do I know it? How do you know anything in this world of miracles? If the moon controls the tides, why does it not control other forces of nature?

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,
Blessed are the dead that the rain rains on."

If Sophie Westover had not been inordinately, selfishly happy, she would not have left her betrothed and her sister so much together during the time that she was preparing for her wedding festivities, which were to be of a very quiet order, for the two girls were orphans, and their aunt was their housekeeper and chaperon. And Clarice Westover was very pretty—a sort of prettiness that would fade early, but just the sort to catch the eye of a man who believes so thoroughly in his own strength as to take no heed lest he fall.

Howard Loring was so upright and honorable that it never occurred to him that he could do wrong. He forgot that David, the man after God's own heart, went astray. If Howard had been called to account for long walks and tender talks with Clarice, he would have said: "She is my little sister."

There never was a time when brothers lavished lover-like attentions on their sisters, or took sentimental strolls with them by moonlight, or said sweet nothings that cause vivid blushes. It began by an idle coquetry on the part of Clarice, but Howard was a handsome fellow, and, like all men, fond of admiration and attention.

Clarice spent the morning hours in helping her sister. It was she who made the bride's cake. In the afternoon she took Howard in charge.

"You are going to have him for life," she would say to her sister, "so I will make the most of him now."

They rehearsed the marriage ceremony so often, Clarice taking the part of the clergyman, that Sophia declared she knew it by heart. Then she reversed their order, and married Clarice to Howard.

"You are a handsome couple," she said, as she kissed the bride, and then something in their faces, some thought that left a passing reflex, disturbed her.

"I am tired," she said, and withdrew to think. She heard them laughing and talking together in the parlor as if she had no place or part in their lives.

"I am getting morbid," she said to herself, and looked in the glass at her pale face and colorless eyes.

"Oh, God," she cried in anguish, "why was not I made beautiful? Lover and friend hast thou put afar off."

The wedding dress came home. Sophie had determined on a great sacrifice. She had spent a night and a day in prayer, and the awful struggle against self which is the Gethsemane of the soul. Now her way was clear, she knew what was required.

"Come, dear," she said to Clarice, the little sister to whom she had been both father and mother, "you must try it on, and we will go down and surprise Howard. Yes, the veil and wreath, too. Then I can see just how they look. And—and I will love the dress better when you have worn it."

"You are too good to me, sister," answered Clarice with bowed head. No word had been spoken to break the solemn contract that bound the two, but a guilty joy was in her heart which acknowledged that Howard loved her even as she loved him. And Sophie was saying to herself:

"That is not love which goes."

Howard Loring was in a dream. He did not love Clarice; no, no, a thousand times no—it was but enchantment, but he loved the quiet, restful Sophie, who alone was fitted to be his companion for life. And he did not believe that Clarice loved him. It is given to few men to read fully and completely the sensitive depths of a woman's nature. It is an intuitive science which no savant may teach and no student learn.

But when she stood before him in her sister's wedding dress she looked so lovely, so fair and radiant a maiden, that a sudden overpowering impulse came over him to have and hold her, for life or death.

"You look like an angel," he said with the weak inconsequence of a man in love, who says the same thing his father and grandfather said before him under similar circumstances.

Sophie was on her knees at the bedside in her room pleading for strength to go to her lover and say: "Take her—she is yours."

Oh, how beautiful faith and self-sacrifice of woman that is lower than the angels!

Sophie had risen from her knees, her hour of agony being over, when she heard carriage wheels rolling from the door, and, looking out, saw from the carriage window the flutter of a white gown. She ran distractedly to the room below.

"Where have they gone?" she panted. "Why did they go?"

"Clarice wanted to be photographed in your dress. Did you see her?" asked her aunt.

"No. But I am sure she was lovely?" answered Sophie in a relieved voice.

"No lovelier than yourself," said the aunt, with whom Sophie was the favorite.

An hour later the older woman went up with slow, painful steps to Sophie's room.

"They have come back," she said, "and they want to see you. Child, can you bear it? He has married your sister."

I still insist it all came of trying on the bride's dress, which was not hers, and of making her own wedding cake. Why should anyone blame Clarice, who could not be a free agent if such trivial circumstances can control our destinies? When Sophie died she forgave her, but by that time Howard had discovered the truth that he loved Sophie and should always love her. I suppose there is a sort of special justice in that, as Clarice knows the truth by the intuitive process, and whenever a cloud is on her husband's face she says to herself: "He is thinking of Sophie." That is her punishment, I know, for—I am Clarice.—Detroit Free Press.

Effeminate.

They were two feathery mortals, two lightsome, canary-intellected, frivolous young persons coming home on the elevated train from the farce comedy and still fluttering with excitement over the jokes and somersaults which had evidently stirred them to their very depths. He began it:

"Wasn't that man with the red whiskers perfectly killing?"

"Oh, he's the funniest thing I ever did see."

"Didn't you laugh when that little fellow jumped on top of the other? I nearly died."

"Yes, and when he fell downstairs I simply shrieked."

Both giggled spasmodically. Then she asked: "Didn't you think it was a dream of a dress that tall girl wore?"

"It was grand."

She sighed deeply and said: "Oh, me, I wish I could go on the stage. It must be lovely."

He said: "I'd be there now, only mamma and papa object. They want to send me to college. Oh, pshaw!" And he showed such signs of petulancy that she became tenderly sympathetic and said: "Never mind, Llewellyn."

"Llewellyn" was the last straw. A plain man, who had been sitting in front of them reading a drovers' paper, deliberately arose and walked to the other end of the car.—Chicago Record.

A Broken Tradition.

The father paced the polished floor of a mansion that had been handed down from generation to generation. His face was now lighted by joy at the return of the prodigal; now shadowed by an angry grief at tidings which his son had brought. The clouds thickened, and presently the joy was all obscured. He turned to his son and said:

"You left me that your independence might not be hampered. You refused my offered funds, preferring to use only what you considered your own. So far there is naught to blame."

The son waited with respectful attention.

"Apparently," continued the old gentleman, "you have prospered; and, my son, I would be thrilled with pride at your solitary, unaided victory had not you brought me news of a broken tradition of my family."

"No one of my name has ever before married until his father's consent had at least been asked. Nothing prevented you from opening correspondence with me upon this single subject certainly. That would not have threatened your independence. But, no; you preferred to slight me—to insult me."

"Father, you wrong me. There was not time."

"Not time, sir? You could not restain your ardor one little month or so? A sorry excuse, upon my honor! A—"

"Hear me, father. The moment I had won my Isabelle's love we were married because"—and he proudly raised his head as he refuted the false charges—"because I was then in absolute want."—Judge.

The Little King Ruled Well.

Another pretty little story is told of the young King Alphonso of Spain. The queen regent, as is natural to expect, has taken great pains to teach her little son her own native tongue, German. To accomplish this thoroughly and rapidly, she herself compiled a grammar and primer for his use. Short poems take up a good part of the book. One of these especially interested his little majesty, to the great delight of the queen. It was entitled: "What One Should Do," and ends with the line: "Kings must rule well."

Alphonso learned the poem by heart, and easily, for he has a remarkable memory. One evening, when his mother had given him his customary good-night kiss, he asked, as usual: "Art thou content with me to-day?" When her majesty expressed her approval of his conduct, the little fellow's face brightened up for a moment and he proudly said:

"Yes, I have in truth ruled well to-day."—N. Y. Tribune.

Public Speaking.

The following is a list of appointments for the county candidates as agreed upon by the different committees. They will speak at the following times and places in the month of October:

Ceralvo—Friday, 12th, at night.
Rockport—Saturday, 13th.
Beda—Monday, 15th.
Buford—Tuesday, 16th, at night.
Bells Run—Wednesday, 17th.
Magan—Thursday, 18th.
Deanefield—at night.
Fordsville—Saturday, 20th.
Shreve—Monday, 22d.
Olaton—Tuesday, 23d.

All day speakings to begin at one 1 o'clock, promptly.

G. B. LIKENS,
Ch'm'n Dem. Com.
E. D. GUFFY,
Ch'm'n Rep. Com.
J. P. MILLER,
C'hm'n P P

SAVED BY LIGHTNING.

A Terrible Collision Prevented by an Opportune Flash.

An Engineer's Trying Experience on a New York Road—His Presence of Mind in the Face of Great Danger—A Wonderful Stop.

Engineer Edward Schaffer, on train 9, running between Buffalo and Rochester, on the Falls road via Lockport, which arrives in this city at 9 o'clock in the evening, had an experience recently that made his hair stand on end, says the Rochester Chronicle.

The train left Buffalo at 7 o'clock in the evening in charge of Conductor Knickerbocker, with Engineer Schaffer at the throttle. The train had a clear track, as was supposed, between Buffalo and Lockport, and was running at a high rate of speed. Black Rock was reached without any mishap. After leaving that station behind the engineer sent the train ahead at the rate of over thirty miles an hour. The night was dark as pitch, and the rain beat against the cab windows unceasingly. Engineer Schaffer sat in his seat by the cab window. The headlight was of little use in the blinding rain, and the engineer could see only a few yards in advance of the engine. The train sped on through the darkness, and soon the up grade, about five miles south of Tonawanda, was reached. The engineer opened the throttle wider, the fireman shovelled coal faster. The hill was passed and the train rumbled on through the storm.

Suddenly a flash of lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder, lit up the track a half mile ahead. Schaffer was looking ahead just at that moment and a sight met his gaze that sent the blood from his cheeks. Twenty yards ahead four freight cars were standing on the track. Grasping the reverse lever he pulled it back to the last notch and shouted to the fireman to put on the air brakes. The fireman's blood seemed to freeze in his veins, and, seizing the brake lever, he sent the air through the pipes at full force. At the same moment Schaffer set the emergency brakes. The strong locomotive creaked and groaned. The engineer and fireman, with blanched cheeks, stood looking into each other's faces, while the perspiration trickled from their foreheads in large drops. But only for a moment, for the engine tottered and both of them were thrown to the floor of the cab.

The shock was so sudden that the passengers in the coaches were thrown from their seats, the chandeliers swung from the ceiling and two of them fell to the floor. One man was thrown completely over the seat in front of him, landing with his head shoved under the second seat in front and his feet propped up against the breast of the elderly gentleman behind in such a manner as to hold him firmly in his seat. One young lady was, by the force of the shock, lifted from her seat, carried into the aisle, and deposited in the lap of a man who was lying on his back in the aisle.

The baggageman was at the time engaged in checking a trunk. He did not check it just then, however, for when the shock came the trunk eluded his grasp and started with the other baggage for the other end of the car. The baggageman was found a few mintues later covered up with satchels in one corner of the car. After the excitement had subsided the conductor and engineer got off the train to investigate the situation. They found the pilot of his engine shoved a foot beneath the caboose of the freight train ahead. As they were but a few miles from Lockport the freight was pushed into the yard limits and sidetracked, the train proceeding on its way to Lockport.

Old engineers on the Central-Hudson pronounce it the most wonderful stop they had ever heard of. The flash of lightning was all that saved the lives of over two hundred passengers on board the train.

ARRESTING A STATUE.

The Clever Ruse That Led to the Capture of a Thief.

In one of the beautiful temple gardens of Yedo there was a large statue of the diety Jizo—so large that the pedestal formed seats on the four sides where wayfarers might rest. One day there passed that way a dry goods peddler, carrying a large pack of some three hundred pieces of white cloth. The seat at the foot of the statue was a tempting resting-place, so the peddler put down his pack beside him, and before he knew it was napping in the warm and drowsy rays of the sun. When he awoke his pack was gone—stolen. He betook himself to Oka and made his complaint. Oka was silent for some time. It would be a difficult thing to trace such a common article as cloth, where hundreds of persons had passed by during the peddler's nap. At length, feigning great indination, Oka said:

"My good man, it is outrageous that the deity Jizo should not have kept you from harm while you were resting at the very foot of his statue. The true offender here is the deity, and we must have his statue in court and punish him."

So he sent a score of officers to the temple garden, and they pulled down the statue and dragged it through the streets to the courthouse. So extraordinary a proceeding of course attracted the attention of all in the neighborhood, and a great concourse of people followed the cart, crying out: "The statue is being arrested," and pressed after the officers into the courtroom.

This was just what Oka wished; yet the entrance of any spectator into the court-room without special permission was quite against the law. Oka had just put two or three questions to the statue (which of course remained dumb), when, looking up, he pretended to catch sight for the first time of the crowd in the room, now dense to suffocation. Calling to an officer, he said, angrily: "Put all these people out, and fine them every one for entering without permission. Take each one's name and residence, and have him bring his fine to-morrow in the shape of one piece of white cloth." The crestfallen crowd was let out, and the next day there came pouring in hundreds of pieces of white cloth of all qualities and textures. The name of the giver was written on each by the officer, and then, piece by piece, they were compared with the peddler's sample of the cloth he had lost. Before long a match was found, and, as Oka had foreseen, the missing bundles were found concealed in the house of the man who had brought this piece as his fine. The next day the other cloth that had been paid in as fined was returned to those who had brought it.—Harper's Young People.

ALUMINIUM EQUIPMENTS.

Why the Soldier Boys Would Appreciate Them.

The secretary of war recently received a large packing case filled with military equipments made of aluminium, which have been sent from the manufacturers in Germany with the request that they be inspected and tested by a board of officers from our army. Accompanying the package are reports of tests made by commissioners of the German army. The case contains a sample of almost every article of metal that enters into the equipment of a cavalry, infantry or artillery soldier except his arms, and they are not only very much lighter than those made of the old-fashioned metals, but are of handsome design and entirely proof against rust, so that if they are adopted the soldier will have very much less cleaning to do than formerly. The German army has already adopted aluminium tent fixings, ration boxes, canteens, rings for belt and other purposes, drinking cups, cooking utensils, snaffle-hooks and several other articles, and boards of survey are now experimenting with buttons, horseshoes, bits, stirrups, spoons and forks, ammunition belts, etc. Bits and stirrups made of aluminium have not been satisfactory. The side-bar of the bit is not strong enough to stand the pressure required for hard-mouthed horses and a light stirrup is not desirable for the reason that if a cavalryman loses it from his foot it is much more difficult for him to catch it again than if it was heavy. The aluminium horseshoe has proved useful for country roads, but is thought not to be hard enough for city pavements, although the tests have not been completed. Aluminium horseshoes are already in use in the United States as well as in Europe, and a Chicago manufacturer is now turning out large numbers of them every day. He has furnished samples to the quartermaster's department, which are now undergoing experimental tests. Lieut. W. C. Brown of the First cavalry has been making important experiments in aluminium equipments at his post, San Carlos, Ariz., but they are entirely voluntary and no formal report has ever been made to the department.

Boston Said Oh! and Ah!

People saw something on the streets the other day that caused them to "oh!" and "ah!" a great deal, and modest folks doubtless received an awful shock.

A remarkably pretty woman astride a bicycle was gotten up in the most mannish costume I have yet seen in these days of dress reform. She wore trowsers which fitted her—beg pardon—legs not much more loosely than a man's, and there was no sign of skirt of any sort. She wore knickerbockers, pure and simple, made apparently of corduroy, of a bright brown color and white leggings. The jacket was made to match, and was very natty. The girl had a very trim figure, but the way every one turned and stared showed that but few people have ever seen those things in real life before. The effect was not particularly immodest, and the girl was apparently oblivious to the sensation she was creating—a great deal more so, I think, than her escort, for she was not braving the world alone.—Boston Record.

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WEST BOUND.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Lv. Louisville	7:45 a. m.	6:25 p. m.
West Point	8:11 a. m.	7:20 p. m.
Brandenburg	9:17 a. m.	8:07 p. m.
Irvington	9:4 a. m	8:37 p. m.
ephensport	10:23 a. m.	9:21 p. m.
Cloverport	10:41 a. m.	9:40 p. m.
Hawesville	11:11 a. m.	10:10 p. m.
Lewisport	11:35 a. m.	10:34 p. m.
Owensboro	12:10 p. m.	11:11 p. m.
Spottsville	1:04 p. m.	11:55 p. m.
Ar. Henderson	1:25 p. m.	12:20 a. m.

EAST BOUND.	No. 52, Daily.	No. 54, Daily
Lv. Henderson	7:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m
Spottsville	7:37 a. m.	3:37 p. m
Owensboro	8:27 a. m.	4:25 p. m
Lewisport	9:03 a. m.	5:05 p. m
Hawesville	9:33 a. m.	5:30 p. m
Cloverport	10:01 a. m.	5:57 p. m
Stephensport	10:26 a. m.	6:22 p. m.
Irvington	11:02 a. m.	7:05 p. m.
Brandenburg	11:29 a. m.	7:31 p. m
West Point	12:05 p. m.	8:05 p. m.
Ar. Louisville	1:00 p. m.	9:05 p. m.

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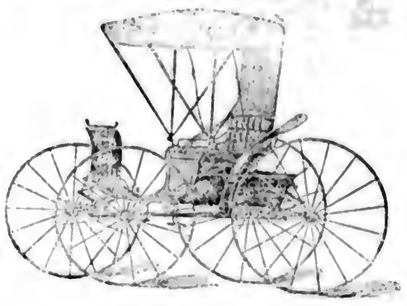

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